

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisedome,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Con. Nay then

Alb. Well, well, the vnt.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
flip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou can't tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's
a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his homes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horses ready?

Foole. Thy Asles are gone about 'em; the reason why
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou should'st not haue bin old, till thou had'st
bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen;
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Foole. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not! pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must ask, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' harte,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, see me to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoo, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue scene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship.

But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bolt in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaffted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glo. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thankses,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirites
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:

I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourne at my house,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more

Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,

Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,

Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:

You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,

Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,

Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.

Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,

Of differences, which I best though it fit

To answere from our home: the feuerall Messengers

From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,

Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow

Your needfull counsaile to our businesse,

Which craves the instant vse.

Glo. I serue you Madam,

Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.

Kent. I lone thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred
pound, filthy woofted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered,
action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slave, one that
would't be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Birch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,
for